

... THE ...

Converted Catholic

EDITED BY FATHER O'CONNOR.

"When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren."—Luke xxii: 32.

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EDITORIAL NOTE.

AT the Northfield conference this year the Rev. G. Campbell Morgan of London was a most acceptable teacher. Fifty members of the New York Presbytery were present during the twenty days of the conference, and Mr. Morgan was a favorite with all of them. He gave two addresses on Justification by Faith that were highly appreciated. He said there is danger that this great doctrine is undervalued. Humanitarian work should not obscure the light from heaven that comes to the soul that is brought into right relation to God by faith in Jesus Christ. We have access unto God by Him, and do not need a meddling priest. We are in favor with the King through the atonement of Christ. He is calling us, and we say to every earthly priest, "Do not stand in the way."

That doctrine has been emphasized in this magazine from the first number. It is that teaching which has brought new life, light and peace to the many priests who have come to Christ's Mission. To be saved from sin and saved for heaven is the greatest fact. That can be the portion of every believer in Jesus Christ.

WORK OF CONVERTED PRIESTS IN FRANCE.

THE remarkable movement among the priests of France who have embraced the Protestant faith within the past few years was exemplified in a striking manner in London, England, when on Sunday, July 23, 1899, there appeared on the platform at a great public meeting in St. James's Hall—one of the largest in London—eighteen former priests. The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, the leader of Methodism in England, presided, and in a brief introductory address explained to the vast audience that the front part of the platform, which was crowded with Frenchmen, represented numbers of Roman Catholic priests and monks who were now renouncing allegiance to Romanism in France and embracing the Evangelical faith.

From the full report of this great meeting in the London *Daily News* of July 24, we take the following :

"Four of these former priests are ordained pastors in the French Reformed Church, two are students at the Paris Protestant Faculte, four are similarly engaged at Neuchatel, two are students for the French Methodist ministry at the Maison d'Etudes at Paris, another is a member of a French Baptist Church, yet another (M. Corneloup) is editor of *Le Pretre Converti*, while another is conducting an Evangelistic campaign in the parish where he was a priest, a work which has spread into some thirty other parishes in the neighborhood. For the appearance of many of these gentlemen the Rev. George Whelpton, head of the Methodist Mission in France, and a committee are responsible. For the presence of the Abbe Bourrier, and for another, a young man who left the Romish Church quite recently, Mr. Hughes himself seems responsible. M. Bourrier has obtained some celebrity in

England by the publication of his article, 'The Evangelical Movement among the French Clergy,' in the May *Contemporary*. It appears that in April he came to know Mr. Hughes and Mr. Percy Bunting, and *voila tout!* as they say in France. There was a good deal of French spoken in St. James's Hall, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Whelpton and others translating.

"After the opening devotional service, during which M. Adair offered prayer, Mr. Hughes made his introductory speech. It was remarkable, he contended, that in a Protestant country like England a movement was proceeding in the direction of Romanism; while in France where the country had given more men, women and money than perhaps any other to the Church, there was a movement towards Protestantism. All of these ex priests present were now pastors or preparing for the pastorate. His friend and brother, the Abbe Bourrier, was a parish priest in Marseilles. But he had read in the Bible 'There is one Mediator between God and man,' and he had turned from the confessional and from confession, and from the Roman Catholic Church. He was accompanied by one who had left that Church within the past week, and who had been associated with the illustrious Pere Didon. They were, he continued, only the advance guard of a great army. M. Bourrier was something like himself, for some people thought him audacious, and too much determined to go his own way. M. Bourrier did not always use the word Protestant, which had peculiar significance in France. But his main object was to make Roman Catholics Christians. He was editor of *Le Chretien Francais* which was circulated in the clergy houses, and he was in correspondence with scores of the

French clergy. He was much in the position of the Reformers in the sixteenth century, and desired a Reformed Church; but he (Bourrier) begged the French clergy to read their New Testament and direct their thoughts to Christ. He (Mr. Hughes) was assured of their sympathies. Nothing could be better for the world than that the greatly gifted, ancient and powerful people of France should return to the beauty and simplicity of the pure Gospel of Christ.

"M. Bourrier then stood forward. He spoke for a few moments in French, his sentences being translated by Mr. Whelpton. Addressing the audience as ladies and gentlemen, he said he knew by experience how disagreeable it was to listen to a language which one did not understand. He wished to avoid this disagreeableness, so he had written some of the thoughts he wished to communicate, which Mr. Hughes would read. These 'thoughts,' which were then read by Mr. Hughes, may be summarized as follows: England and France had one great enemy—Clericalism in France and Ritualism in England. They were two forms of the same foe. Christ saved humanity. The priesthood pretended to save it. After Christ one did not need a priest. After the Cross one did not need Ritualism. Clericalism began in Ritualism. The Cross of Christ had been in France made into healing waters of Lourdes. Everything that was summed up in the Gospel was at a discount in France. He had been attacked for saying 'Blessed is he that hungers and thirsts after justice,' and the attacker was a clerical. Everything was to be done by order in France. Yesterday it was the Pope, to day it was the State, to-morrow it will be the verger of the Cathedral who dictated morality. The idea of some was that the priest and the soldier were to go hand in hand. But he did not despair.

Under the surface there was Christianity, and a new spirit was stirring. We, said M. Bourrier, place the Gospel above the Church. But Protestantism, he admitted, was not popular in France. The French Protestants were not united. When one made a statement some dear brother was sure to write and say he had not the Gospel! We profess our faith in Christ as Master, Saviour and only begotten Son of God. We tell others to be Christian; the essential thing was a change in life. We seek work within the Church and among the clergy. We seek the evangelization of France by priests who have left the Church, and by others still within her borders. We hold that where Christ is there is the Church, and we press on to that great feeling of unity that where Christ is, there is our country.

"In a subsequent speech M. Bourrier, as explained by Mr. Hayber, said that some had attacked his faith; he would affirm his faith in Jesus Christ, as his Master, his Saviour and his God. He appealed especially to Romanists and to priests. He thought that perfect religion of the future would combine all that was true in both Romanism and Protestantism. He would be satisfied if he could only get Romanists to read the Bible, and to trust to Christ. He said also that the Pope believed in the stability of England, for he invested his money there. In all seriousness, said Mr. Hughes, this was a singular testimony to the superior morality of the Reformed religion.

"The Rev. George Whelpton, in introducing the other ex-priests, alluded to the great evils of Jesuitry in France, and was understood to say that the whole of the Dreyfus case was nothing but a plot of the clericals, and if that case and the Fashoda crisis had turned out differently from what they had in France, all Evangelistic work would have been stopped, and those working

in that direction would have had their lives threatened. There were those who would be quite ready to light the fires of persecution again. All these ex-priests were tried men. Romanists believed that there could be no truth outside Romanism, and that Protestants were monsters, but he believed the Dreyfus case was opening the eyes of the French man in the street. One of the gentlemen he introduced—M. Haule Paille—on leaving the Church had had to work as a navvy before he became a Methodist student. He was curate at the pilgrimage Church of Bon Secours at Rouen.

"After the deputation had been introduced, Mr. Hughes, in another speech of great animation, declared that they were glad of the privilege of welcoming the most remarkable Protestant deputation that had come to London, and proceeded to ask for a little help for them.

"A sum was wanted to enable M. Bourrier to make his paper a weekly instead of monthly, and help was also needed by the committee in connection with which Mr. Whelpton and Lord Kinnaird were working. The Conference collection would be taken next Sunday. Mr. Samuel Smith, M. P. would give £50 to help M. Bourrier. After an energetic appeal subscriptions were announced from Lord Kinnaird, £50; Mr. Emerson Baimbridge, £50; Mr. T. H. Baimbridge, £50; Dr. Gladstone, £25. Only £25 more was wanted, exclaimed Mr. Hughes, and in a few minutes Mr. Baldwin, of Tunbridge Wells, announced he would give that amount. The collection was therefore free to go to the committee. Two of the priests also spoke—M. Meillor and M. Claveau, who said he had become convinced that the Romanist methods of leading people to be good were insufficient: the sacraments, and even the prayers, were only external

practices.

"In the evening the deputation were present at Lyndhurst Road Congregational Church, Hampstead; on Monday they were at Westbourne Park Baptist Chapel (Dr. Clifford's), and on Tuesday at Finsbury Park Wesleyan Church."

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Mr. Hughes, who is the editor of the *Methodist Times* of London, said in that paper last April:

"In the past it was the practice of those priests who left Romanism to retire very privately, with the result that they exposed themselves to all sorts of false imputations. The Abbe Bourrier sent in his resignation to the Bishop in a letter which was published in all the leading newspapers of France, and produced a great sensation.

"He is in correspondence with hundreds of priests, and when this movement is properly organized, as we hope will soon be the case, between 4,000 and 5,000 Roman Catholic priests are expected to withdraw themselves from the Roman Church. He has started a small religious newspaper, entitled *Le Chretien Francais*, and the entire staff of that paper consists of ex-priests.

"In addition to this, he has organized an Evangelization Society, every member of which is an ex-priest of the Roman Church. This movement is entirely different from any existing work, because all its agents were formerly priests of the Roman Church, and their business is to preach the Gospel in their old parishes and in every part of France, not to the Protestants, but to the so-called Catholic population. We say so-called, because it is a well known fact that 8,000,000 of the so-called Romanists in France entered themselves in the last census as of no religious faith—as, in fact, agnostics or atheists."

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The *English Churchman* of July 27,

which also gave a report of the great meeting in London, had the following regarding conversions among the priests and people of Europe :

"The *Chretien Francais* (Mr. Bourrie's paper) for July contains some interesting details of the growth of the Reform movement in France and of the increasing unrest among the French Roman Catholic clergy. A learned priest, M. l'Abbe Harrent, author of a work on "The School of Antioch," has just sent in his letter of resignation to the Bishop of Soissons. The letter is couched in the severest terms. He speaks of the Roman clergy as the most corrupt of all existing corporations, and winds up as follows :

" 'You will not think it strange that, myself loyal, laborious and independent, I am quitting a world of hypocrisy and idleness, in whose lower rank reigns servility, and in whose upper an odious arbitrariness.'

"A French Roman Catholic paper declares the discontent of the lower clergy to be everywhere showing itself. It does not attach so much importance to the defections which, considerable in themselves, are small in comparison with the 40,000 members of the regular French clergy, but, says the writer, "It is the troubled spirit of those who remain in the ranks, their *ennui*, often their anguish, that appears to me so much more interesting and important."

"The reform movement at Boulogne continues. The mental condition of the French people in reference to religion was significantly shown at a great meeting just held there as a sequel to the one addressed by M. Bourrier. On this last occasion the Great Salon Sainte-Beuve was crowded with an audience of 2,000, a large portion of whom were Roman Catholics. When the speaker of the evening, M. Tarroux, described the anguish of the priests who were

awakening to the falsity of the doctrines which had been imposed on them, and wound up with 'Il faut mentir ou sortir' ('They must either tell lies or quit the Church'), the report says it seemed as though the roof would come off with the thunders of applause. The audience, however, was not by any means in a mood of mere negation. The passages of the lecture most heartily received were those which affirmed the royalty of Christ, and when the orator in a thrilling utterance saluted Christ dying on the cross after a life of sacrifice and devotion to the cause of humanity, the enthusiasm was at its height.

"The anti-Roman movement on the Continent outside of France is not less pronounced. The Commune of Lichtenwald, says the *Cologne Gazette*, all Roman Catholics with the exception of five families have gone over in a body to the Evangelical Church. The Jesuit Father Joseph Tavoski, of Bielitz, has left the Roman Church, and has gone to Halle to study the Evangelical theology. In Hungary the Reform movement makes daily strides. In the one Commune of Kaczela over eighty families have just embraced the Evangelical faith. At Gablonz the Reformed Church has had during the last eighteen months an accession of 700 persons. The Vienna journals announce that twenty-one Roman priests have asked of Bishop Herzog admission into the Old Catholic Community."

While the Roman hierarchy and the papal press acknowledge that this movement in France is the most serious that has taken place in that country, there are no indications that there will be a change of policy on their part. A change of doctrine is impossible. Rome cannot change for the better. The priests and people who seek the Lord and His way of salvation must come out and be separate from Rome]

WILL ENGLAND BECOME CATHOLIC ?

THIS question is answered in the negative by Mr. Richard Bagot, an English Roman Catholic of distinction, in an article that was published in an Italian periodical recently, and has been translated into English for *Littell's Living Age* of Boston. Mr. Bagot says he selected the Italian journal, *Nuova Antologia*, for his article in order that the Vatican may be enlightened regarding the fallacious hope that England will some time become Roman Catholic. "I am myself convinced," he says, "that the English people have not forsaken and will never forsake that strong and robust Protestantism to which it has remained faithful for something like four centuries."

The article should be read in full, but we quote generously from it in order that our readers may see how the hierarchy and the Jesuits and Paulists have deceived the people by their boastings that England and the United States were "going over to Rome." The tide is all the other way; Catholics are becoming Protestants far more numerously—ten to one—than all the accessions to Rome. Archbishop Ireland said at the Catholic Congress in Baltimore in 1889, "We must make America Catholic. God wills it." No. It is the will of God that the Catholics in America should come to the knowledge of the truth, and they are coming. As to England becoming Catholic Mr. Bagot says:

"With the death of Cardinal Manning there died, as well, all the true and genuine progress of the Roman Church in England, and there was at the same time inaugurated an epoch of ecclesiastical agitation and demagogues whom Manning would never have encouraged.

"The truth is that Roman Catholicism in England, far from being a progressive movement, is and has been for

several years quite stationary, if not on the decline.

"Yet the Catholic press, both English and foreign, assures us that no month passes without a considerable number of converts being received into the fold of the Roman Church, and every little while their papers publish imposing lists of these conversions.

"We also read of new churches built, of the foundation of monasteries and religious houses—in short, of a general stir, which is supposed to signify an extraordinary activity and an increasing development on the part of the Catholic Church in Great Britain.

"Now, in point of fact, no one has ever thought of denying the missionary zeal of the Roman Church under all circumstances, but as for the spread of Catholicism among my fellow-countrymen I shall try to show that it has only been a superficial movement, influencing neither the thought nor the real religious sentiment of the Anglo Saxon race.

"Having seen the superb Catholic churches of London and the other English cities so crowded with devout worshippers of both sexes, while the functions of the Roman faith are performed with a luxury and pomp hardly to be found in Rome itself, what wonder if the foreigner remains impressed and goes away after mass firmly persuaded that the triumph of Catholicism in England can be the affair of but a few years at the most? How is the foreigner to know that of that crowd which he has seen present at the service three-fourths are probably not Catholics at all and have not the slightest intention of submitting themselves to the spiritual authority of the Pope?

"The majority go out of curiosity, to enjoy the music and the spectacle—for few are the diversions of an English

Sunday. And if we examine closely the much vaunted conversions to Catholicism we shall find that only a very few of the converts are of a calibre which enables them to exercise any strong personal influence over the thought of the people. Among the recruits that the Catholic Church has enlisted in England during the last twenty-five years there are barely a dozen prominent persons. Men of science, of letters and of politics, one and all, save for the rarest exceptions, are conspicuous by their absence from the list of the converted; it is not among these that Catholicism gains its new adherents.

"The majority of the conversions occur among tradespeople and women of the middle class in the great cities. Now, it is perfectly evident that to one who is concerned merely with the form of faith professed by a human being, the soul of a cheesemonger is just as valuable as that of Minister of State. But, from a practical point of view, the value of a conversion depends essentially on the intellectual or social position of the convert.

"Now, while statistics show us that Roman Catholicism in England is stationary, with a tendency to retrograde, the international Catholic press and clergy assure us that it is steadily on the increase. How are we to reconcile these contradictory statements? That the spiritual part of Catholicism has made noteworthy progress during the last fifty years is an undeniable fact. The development of the 'Oxford movement' has led to a reform of the Anglican on the lines of the Catholic Church. There is not a function of the Roman Church which is not imitated by the Ritualists. 'But this would seem to show,' Italian readers will exclaim, 'that Catholicism is really becoming popular among the English!' Not at all! There is no Roman Catholicism without the Pope, and in the Anglican

churches every one is free to be his own pope. One large section of the Anglican Church has imitated the spiritual and dogmatic stand of the Roman Church, but it has omitted all its political side and has raised up in these last forty years a self-styled Catholic Church, which gets on very well without any Pope and want nothing to do with one.

"The hierarchy of the Roman Church in England, no less than the Vatican, views this pseudo Catholicism with scorn; but at the same time with a certain satisfaction, because they fancy that it is their game which the Ritualists are really playing when they accustom the English public to those dogmas and doctrines which belong in reality to the Holy Roman See. This supposition is, however, another illusion of which they will eventually be disabused.

"Recent events in England show clearly that there is a limit to the tolerance of the Roman Catholic religion, which not even the Anglican Church could pass without the traditional Protestantism of the English nation rising in revolt. Unluckily for the hopes of the Roman Catholic party this robust Protestantism explodes over precisely those doctrines which are integral and essential parts of the Roman faith, as the supremacy of the Pope and compulsory confession.

"If the Anglican Church finds itself powerless, as it most certainly does, to introduce the confessional into English religious life, how can Roman Catholics delude themselves with the notion that its introduction will be permitted to them? On the other hand, that the Roman Church should make concessions to English prejudice in the matter of the confessional is simply impossible. The system of obligatory confession is too powerful a weapon, both spiritually and politically, for the Roman Church to be able to abandon it, even at the price of winning schismatic England

back into the fold.

"There are many other circumstances, social as well as dogmatic and political, which will always present insuperable obstacles to the conversion of my country to Roman Catholicism."

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Like all intelligent, honest and honorable Roman Catholics, Mr. Bagot despises the Jesuit and Paulist juggling which misrepresents the truth regarding conversions to Romanism. Cardinal Manning knew the Jesuits well and kept them at a distance. After his death the famous society came into favor in England as the Paulists did here, and as Mr. Bagot says, "there was inaugurated an epoch of ecclesiastical agitators and demagogues whom Manning would never have encouraged." He pays this tribute to Manning, whose eyes were opened to the real spirit of Romanism in the last ten years of his life, during which he did not once visit Rome:

"Cardinal Manning was thoroughly acquainted with his fellow-countrymen, and cherished no illusions about their probable conversion to the Catholic faith. Born a Protestant, educated at a Protestant university, for many years a prominent ecclesiastic of the Established Church, he had enjoyed every opportunity for studying the English character. It is, therefore, fair to presume that he could clearly distinguish between that tolerance which the English are wont to accord to every form of religion—believing as they do that each man should be free to choose his own road to paradise—and a disposition to embrace the Roman Catholic faith."

Roman Catholicism is no more congenial to the American people than it is to the English. It is not and never will be acceptable to the Anglo Saxon race. As in England and Scotland, as Mr. Bagot says, "the greater part of those who profess the Catholic faith are of

Irish descent," so in the United States there are so few American Catholics that they are lost in the crowd of Irish and Germans. To the great mass of American people Romanism is the religion of the foreign element of the population, and this will always be the case while the relation of the individual to God must be determined by a Pope in Rome, a foreigner, who claims divine right to govern the souls and bodies of men. Archbishop Ireland and a few men of his way of thinking would like to see the Church in this country "Americanized," and this was the inducement held out by the Paulist Fathers to the Protestants who listened to them for the last few years. "We will have a Catholic Church here distinct from the superstitious Roman type," they said in substance. "It will be American, suited to the genius and adapted to the free institutions of our country." If they were in good faith (and we believe they were at first) then they counted without their host, for the Pope could not tolerate such an anomaly as an "American" Catholic Church. In his letter of last spring to Cardinal Gibbons he condemned "Americanism" and "liberalism" in religion, and emphasized anew the position of the *Roman* Catholic Church, over which he presides as the only real, true and genuine Church of Christ—out of which there is no salvation. The Protestants who have been beguiled by the Paulists into the "Catholic" religion should now ask whether these "Fathers" were honest in their representations. There is only one Roman Church, and it is neither Catholic nor Christian—only Roman, and the Pope, not Christ, is its head.

"There is no Roman Catholicism without the Pope," says Mr. Bagot, and the Paulists now realize the truth of that statement. They deceived the few weak Protestants whose names they sent to the papers as accessions to Rome.

These thought they were becoming "Catholics" without swallowing all the Roman superstitions. Now there is a reaction, and their path is strewn with thorns. By personal visits and through correspondence we are in a position to state that many of these converts to Rome whom the Paulists shamelessly paraded before the world, are seeking to return to the Lord to worship Him in spirit and in truth. We commend to them the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah as the best remedy for the misfortune that threw them in the way of the Paulists.

Mr. Bagot gives statistics which show that Roman Catholicism is in a retrograde state in England, and even in Ireland. As the people become enlightened they withdraw from the Roman Church. Of no other organization but that of Rome could it be said that ignorance was the mother of devotion. Self-preservation induced the Church authorities to oppose popular education as long as possible, and this is the reason for the existence of the parochial school system in this country.

"I do not myself understand," continues Mr. Bagot, "how, in the face of figures, it is possible for the Roman Catholic hierarchy in England [and he might have added, in America] to be so deceived, or why it should endeavor to persuade the Vatican that the Roman Church is making such rapid progress. If we examine closely the slight increase in the numbers of English Catholics which has taken place during the past eight years, we shall see that the Catholic movement is not only not advancing, but, if anything, retrograding."

He blames the Irish priests in a measure for this. He says: "It is impossible to doubt that, had it not been for the pitiful spectacle presented by that unfortunate island, where the great majority of the population lives under the superstitious and ignorant dominion of

its priests, Roman Catholicism would have been able to accomplish much more among the English than has actually been the case."

He also says: "The political intrigues and insatiable ambition of the papacy constituted a perpetual menace to England."

Political Romanism is a great hindrance, Mr. Bagot thinks, to the extension of the Roman Catholic Church. The districts in Ireland which are in a chronic state of political agitation are almost entirely Roman Catholic, and the people are ever and always "disaffected" toward England; "while all the north of the island, where Protestants are in the majority and the Catholic priests have not the control, has always remained loyal and contented. Some will say that this state of things is due rather to difference of race than to the preponderance of the Roman Catholic religion. But this objection which I have repeatedly heard raised seems to me to have the less weight, since very similar things happen in other States whose population is homogenous." He refers to South America and Catholic countries in Europe where "politico-religious difficulties and embarrassments seem to be the heritage not only of those States where Roman Catholicism is the dominant religion, but also of those where this belief, while not the official creed, has yet assumed sufficient proportions to be able to influence political parties." Here is a warning to the United States that it will be well to heed. The politicians who cater to Rome should be relegated to private life.

Mr. Bagot concludes: "For the reasons which I have given I feel that the proper answer to the question, 'Will England become Catholic?' is comprised in the single word 'Never!'" Still the Jesuits will keep on deceiving the people of England and America.

Tammany Hall and Rome.

TAMMANY Hall has been in control of the municipal government of New York since the beginning of 1898, and it has brought the city into the same vile condition in which it was before the administration of Mayor Strong. The elements that conduce to evil are rampant in the organization. Nineteenths of its members are Roman Catholics, and they are the best contributors to the treasury of the Church. The saloonkeepers and purveyors of vice in every form never refuse to give money to the begging nuns and the fat monks and priests. The alliance between Tammany and the Roman Catholic Church is so close that even the office holders who are nominally Protestants or Jews must contribute to the support of a religion they despise or lose their places.

Since Tammany came into power many ministers have referred to this union of Church and State in their sermons, but not until last month did the daily press give a report of any of these addresses, and it is with great pleasure we see that it is the sermon of our beloved friend, the Rev. Dr. Frank Rogers Morse, of Calvary Baptist Church, that is now reported. The *New York Tribune* of August 14 had the following:

Dr. Morse's Sermon.

The Rev. F. R. Morse, associate pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, in West Fifty-seventh street, occupied the pulpit last night. His subject was, "Is not the devil the greatest worker in New York to-day?"

Dr. Morse declared his belief that the world is growing wiser, and he doubts that it is growing better. Since the introduction of electric cars, for instance, he said Sabbath desecration had increased 50 per cent, and drunkenness 25 per cent. On all sides were proofs of the

increased wisdom of the world, but he could find but little proof that it is growing better. This is laid to the unfailing industry of the personal devil, to whose machinations he blamed the activity of the Roman Church, to which is due, he said, much of the wickedness and misery existing in New York. He said in part:

We talk about the worshippers at the shrine of Hermes, the patron of thieves, of burning incense to Venus, to Bacchus, the god of drunkards, but all these things exist in our city to-day. Under Pope Hildebrand the priests of Rome created castes somewhat akin to those of India. The priests of Rome intend to do the same thing in America. They will not cease working till they exalt the papacy above the civil power. While Christians sleep, Romanists are at work.

While politicians are struggling for place and power the priests of Rome are conniving how they may corrupt the guardians of public funds and win appropriations for the support of their institutions. As long as Satan can blind the American people this unholy work will go on. The Roman hierarchy is monopolizing wealth and power, and is as much determined to keep the masses in ignorance, poverty and servitude as in the early centuries.

One of the devil's strongholds is right here, and he was never more active than now in trying to unite the powers of the State and of a corrupt Church.

And some say the world is growing better. Where is the proof?

There are lions which roar and do no harm, because they are caged. It is the lion that runs at large that does the mischief. Satan is free, goes everywhere and uses his seductive arts. He has a grip on Greater New York such as he never had before.

The biggest thing which Satan runs on the American continent is Tammany

Hall. Here he is showing great generalship. Here he is achieving marvelous feats. His organization is complete and its working is as efficient as it is destructive. Here is a chartered iniquity as black as it is monstrous, as defiant as it is successful. It moves at the dictation of its founder and does its hellish work according to his plan. Do not say again that Tammany Hall is run by a political boss. It is controlled and inspired by the devil. He owns it. Every agent he employs to further its ends is his own child.

In every department of our city government his influence is felt. He controlled the election which put men into its official positions, and the dishonesty practised, the jobbery carried on by fraud, the thefts committed, all the base schemes for personal enrichment, all the protected licentiousness, which as dry rot reduces to ashes womanly beauty and manly strength, all the hotbeds which hatch the venomous brood of robbers and rioters, all the chicaneries which play in the realm of political ambition, all the revelry which stultifies brain and heart, all these things are from Satanic influence.

Under the manipulations of the arch fiend even the defenders of justice are transformed into Felixes waiting for bribes. The saloon and the den of infamy alike belong to his majesty, and he exacts vast revenues from them to support his political organization.

See what the Mazet committee is doing to expose secret crime and the maladministration of our city! The committee's mission is not a farce or a political joke. It is uncovering the temples of Bacchus, the gambling hells, the dance houses, the profligacy and profanity of the rich and poor, the venality of judges, the robbery of officials, and the bribery and corruption of the professional politician.

Dr. Morse spoke at length of the ac-

tivity of Satan, of the many evils rampant in New York and in other large cities of the Continent, and said that Satan could only be resisted by persistent and Christ helped effort.

The New York *Herald*, true to its policy of suppressing everything that would be disagreeable to the Roman Catholic authorities, gave a report of the sermon, but omitted all reference to the Roman Catholic Church.

Severe Arraignment of Romanism.

In this country literary men, with few exceptions, speak tenderly of the Roman Catholic Church. One reason is that publishers will not tolerate plain speaking regarding Romanism. But in England the foremost writers, and even novelists, do not hesitate to express their convictions that the Roman Church is more of a political machine than a system of religion. Sir Walter Scott, Dickens and Thackeray may be mentioned in this connection, and there are not lacking writers of the present day who are equally outspoken regarding the papacy. Mr. J. H. Shorthouse is the author of what may be called a spiritual or religious romance that was received with great favor in England a few years ago. That work, "John Inglesant," was not Protestant in the sense that it reflected on the doctrine or policy of the Roman Church, but it showed how unsatisfactory any system based on claims like those of Rome must be.

Mr. Shorthouse has recently written a preface to a work by the Rev. Arthur Galton entitled, "The Message and the Position of the Church of England," in which he says: "Springing from the worst traditions of decadent pagan Rome, the papal system never was a church. It never was anything but a propagand-

dist machine for extracting forced obedience and alms from an ignorant, deceived and a terrified world. The papal curia is founded upon falsehood, and falsehood enters, consciously or unconsciously, willingly or unwillingly, into the soul of every human creature that comes under its influence. It has poisoned the wells of religious life. Its story is one of horror and crime and cruelty. As I have said elsewhere, it always has been, and is now, the enemy of the human race."

It is a hopeful sign of the times when an author like Mr. Shorthouse can write in that vein. When leading literary men clearly see the evil that Romanism has done in the world and do not shrink from expressing their thoughts, the decline of that system of imposture is assured.

Letter from Father Lambert.

BLACK RIVER, JAMAICA, }
WEST INDIES, July 18, 1899. }

My Dear Brother O'Connor:

The reason why I did not write you sooner is very simple. I have written to friends in Porto Rico, and expect to receive full information as to the state of affairs, chances and prospects in San Juan and Mayaguez. But as communications are very difficult between Jamaica and Porto Rico—in fact my letters to Porto Rico have to go either by way of New York or Barbados and St. Thomas, and that means over two weeks before they are handed to the addressees—answers do not come as quickly as I wish.

I trust that your appeal in *THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC* will be heard. As I told you in New York, I intend with God's help to engage in Porto Rico, if the Lord opens the way, in educational as well as in evangelistic work. We are not to despise the adults; but my knowledge of the West Indies convinces me more and more that in Porto Rico as in

Cuba the great aim of all Protestant workers must be to take hold of the children. If adults come let them be welcome; but, as a rule, adults in the Spanish as well as in the French islands are given to infidelity, immorality and superstition. Not that we are to neglect speaking to them of Jesus and His love. We cannot forget that the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation for all, and that stones can be turned into Abraham's sons. Yet to build well and seriously we must take the children. The priests of Rome give us in this matter a lesson which Protestants should not despise or put aside. I am perhaps, saying things which are not accepted by all; but I speak according to my conscience and under the influence of my West Indian education and training. I know the tropics well.

If matters go well our work in Porto Rico will have a free elementary school for poor children, and a paying school for children of a better class. This is quite essential, as perhaps no where else as here have we the "distinctions of society." Attached to the school will be a chapel for preaching and evangelistic services. The work will necessarily include a Sunday school. Later on, if the means are provided, a paper—something like *THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC*—may be started.

Such are my views, my dear brother, in respect to the Porto Rico undertaking. It remains for our friends and patrons in America to help it by their prayers and contributions.

Yours in Christian service and bonds,
A. LAMBERT.

That is the best letter on the work in Porto Rico that we have seen. It is practical; and Father Lambert is the man to put good plans into execution. Will not our readers help him to begin such a work this fall? Only \$1,000 is required, and \$300 of that has been promised. Please make up the rest.

THE NUN OF KENMARE.

III.

ROMAN Catholic papers in this country are conducted on the lowest plane of journalism. Their editors and contributors are nobodies. Men of ability will not take charge of papers in which freedom of thought and expression is suppressed, and which, consequently, are poorly supported. The Rev. Louis A. Lambert is the only Roman Catholic editor known to the public, and even he could not keep alive the paper he established in Philadelphia a few years ago. He is now the nominal editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, but the Fords of the *Irish World* own the paper, and a large part of its contents every week is taken from the wild Irish paper.

In the editorial page of his journal Dr. Lambert copied from the New York *Sun* the statement that the Nun of Kenmare "had returned and died in the Roman Catholic faith." Seeing it in that paper he might have believed it, but notwithstanding the correction of the falsehood that appeared in the same paper, and reproduced in the August CONVERTED CATHOLIC, he has made no correction, apology or explanation. As far as his paper is concerned, the future historian will say that Miss Cusack died a Roman Catholic. If Dr. Lambert ever goes to confession to a brother priest he must tell about this falsehood that he was the means of propagating, and if the confessor is a conscientious man he will require him to make reparation by saying at least that he was mistaken. But it is doubtful whether he ever goes to confession—and his bishop, Dr. McQuaid of Rochester, declares that he does not confess his sins. So the lie will live, as far as Lambert is concerned. As stated in our last article, some Roman Catholic papers expressed a doubt of Miss Cusack's return to Ro-

manism, but the guilty ones have not made reparation. That is Rome's way.

In addition to what has already been published, the following letter from the clergyman of the Church of England who attended Miss Cusack is conclusive that she died a Protestant:

2 Clarence Terrace, }
LEAMINGTON, ENGLAND, }
July 17, 1899. }

Rev. James A. O'Connor:

MY DEAR SIR:—In reply to your letter regarding the Nun of Kenmare's death, I know that some Roman Catholic papers have asserted that Miss Cusack returned to the Roman faith before she died. She did no such thing. I attended her on her deathbed. I was with her when she died, and I buried her, being assisted in the service by Rev. Mr. Pargiter, the vicar of St. Paul's, Leamington, who also knew her. Mr. Cusack's executrix has left in my hands the erection of a memorial stone over her grave, and the arrangement of other matters appertaining to her affairs.

The Roman Catholics tried hard to get her back, taking advantage of what they thought might show a growing weakness of mind under pain and suffering of the body; but they were deceived. She treated them kindly and courteously, but did not yield an inch so far as I saw evidence. They kept a close watch upon her, and had they thought her departure was so near we might have had trouble from the interference of priests and nuns. But we had none, and the executrix, Miss Holmes, a Protestant, and I were alone with her when she died. A nurse was in the house, but not in the room at the moment of Miss Cusack's departure. That which you want is the straight declaration that she died a Protestant. This I can confidently make. Faithfully yours,

JOHN GEO. GREGORY,
Incumbent of Christ's Church.

A Disheartening Experience.

Miss Cusack was of the same type as Cardinals Manning and Newman, who also became Roman Catholics in the hope of finding peace for their souls in the great organization. Neither of those distinguished men found the tranquility they sought, nor did the Nun of Kenmare. But she was more honest than they were, for when she saw what Romanism really was—a huge political system with a Christian name upon which was engrafted heathenish rites, customs and practices—she withdrew from it. Long before their deaths the fervor of faith in Romanism had died in the hearts of those Cardinals. It must be remembered that for the last ten years of his life Manning never once visited Rome. Previously he was there nearly every month.

Miss Cusack was true to her convictions. She would not believe a lie, and had to pay the penalty for standing firmly for the truth. God was with her, but she suffered much obloquy, even from Protestants. She told me one of the most disheartening experiences she had was when she first communicated her desire to leave the convent and renounce the faith of Rome. She had written some articles on the McGlynn case for a Protestant paper which prides itself on being also a great literary journal, and when her contributions appeared under the pen name of "A Roman Catholic Layman" she protested that such a title placed her in a false position. She was not a "man," and she had neither love nor respect for the Roman Church; and she wished she was out of.

"Do not leave the Chnrch," remonstrated the Protestant editor.

"But I am not happy there," said the Nun of Kenmare. "I have seen so much crime, cruelty and injustice in it, especially in high places, that I must

get away from it or continue to live a most wretched existence." The editor tried to induce her to remain in the convent, saying she could do more good there as a Roman Catholic. But she heeded him not.

Irish Girls Forced Into Convents.

The Nun of Kenmare even when she was a devoted Roman Catholic was not an active propagandist of the spirit that animates nuns to secure victims for the cloister. She sought rather to instruct girls in useful occupations. The desire of her heart was to establish a home of industry for immigrant girls, but she met with opposition from the Church authorities. Archbishop Corrigan of New York bluntly told her that he would not aid her in the establishment of such a home. Irish girls in this country were better Catholics as domestic servants than they would be as skilled workers. The girls who become independent by their industry will also learn to become independent of the priests. But the ignorant Irish girls easily become their dupes.

In the first week of last month twenty-eight girls arrived in New York in charge of nuns who had gone from this country to Ireland for recruits for their convents in the West. The New York papers of August 3 reported that the relatives of those Irish girls were anxious that they should not enter the convents, and some of them were willing to remain in this city, but were coerced by the nuns to go with them. The *Herald* said:

"Relatives of some of the girls met the Teutonic, and when the dark-robed young women left the steamship they were seized by eager hands and given a warm welcome. The greetings were followed by earnest pleadings that the arrivals give up the idea of going into convents and join their kinsfolk.

"Two or three of the girls were wil-

ling, but after an appeal to the sisters changed their minds. The decision was not reached without tears on both sides.

"Mother Mechtilda and Sister Teresa were the guardians of the recruits for the orders in this country.

"The majority of them will go to Texas. Twenty three of them are to join the Sisters of Charity of the Incarnate Word at Galveston, two go to the house of the order at Victoria, one to Houston, while two more enter a home in St. Louis.

"It is said that the girls are all of age and left their homes of their own account. The nuns also declared that in each case they had the written consent of the parents to the contemplated step.

"One man, who had fairly danced with impatience while the big liner was being docked, threaded his way through the party when it landed and threw his arms about his sister, whom he said he had not seen for years. He wanted to carry her off home, but the sisters threatened him with arrest if he attempted it.

"Margaret Crosse was met by her brother and sister, both of whom live in this city. They wanted her to join them, but she refused. The sister and brother-in-law of Margaret Skelly, who hails from county Longford, came from Fall River to see her. They too wanted her to go with them, but had to depart without her. The party was in tears when good-bys were said."

The Nun of Kenmare would not have wheedled or threatened those ignorant girls in this manner. She did not want such material in the convents where she was mother superior. Those poor girls are in a state of servitude of the worst kind. They are the victims of the greed and lust of power of the Roman system. They are not free agents.

What their future may be we know not, but in her book, "Life Inside the Church of Rome," Miss Cusack thus refers to the history of some convents and priests in the past:

"It is with great regret I am obliged to say that, although I have no personal knowledge of the immorality in convents, I do not question for one moment the statements which have been made by others on this subject. It must be remembered that Rome does what she dares. It should never be forgotten that her principles never change, and that her practice is modified to suit all circumstances. In countries where Rome is safe from the open light of public opinion her dark deeds are done. It is terrible to have to say such things of a Church which calls herself Christian, but history, and history written by Romanists, gives but too positive proofs of her evil deeds.

"When the Church had unrestrained power in the world, and used it so persistently for evil, how much more power had it in the cloister, and how much easier was it to use it there for the worst purposes? The crime was not for a priest to be unchaste, but for him to marry. For centuries of the Church's history there is evidence which no sane man can deny, that the lives of the priests were a scandal to the whole world, and that the lives of the sisters were little better. In a Bull of Alexander IV. (1259) he declares that the people were corrupted by the priests, instead of being reformed by them. In 742 such was the corruption of nuns that enactments were made by Pope Zachary for their punishment. In 1251 in England the Bishop of Lincoln made enactments to test the virtue of nuns of such a degrading character that I cannot repeat them here. The licentiousness of nunneries must have been fearful to have compelled a bishop to use such drastic measures."

THE BIBLE CONFERENCES AT NORTHFIELD.

The Editor's First Visit in 1881.

THE Conferences for Bible Study at Northfield, Mass., the home of D. L. Moody, have become famous throughout the world. The first was held in 1880. It was my privilege to attend the conference in 1881, and though eighteen years have passed, years of active work and of varied experience, I have never forgotten what I learned there. What is now known as the Northfield teaching was new to me. I had but recently withdrawn from the Roman Catholic Church and renounced the priesthood, and had only a general knowledge of Protestant doctrine.

At Northfield I learned the evangelical faith. There were many learned and godly men at that conference of 1881, like Dr. Andrew Bonar of Scotland and Dr. A. J. Gordon of Boston, and while their preaching and teaching was of an exalted character, yet it was only what I expected. I looked upon them as the "Fathers of the Church" of our generation, like Chrysostom, Jerome and Augustine of the early period of the Church's life. But D. L. Moody was a revelation to me. Here was a man who had never been to college or seminary, who had never heard of scholastic theology or comparative religion, and who looked more like a man of business than a minister; and yet his was the voice and his the manner that riveted my attention from the first. Though he was not a theologian, in the language of the schools, he knew his Bible, and the way he explained the teaching of that wonderful Book was to me a surprise and a delight. As he preached, or rather talked, with the Bible in his hand all my faculties were awake. The eyes followed him as he turned over the pages, the mind drank in what he said with so much earnest-

ness, and the heart responded to the direct personal appeal to come to Christ and be saved. A full and free salvation was something that I had never heard mentioned in the Roman Catholic Church, and to be filled with the Spirit was a phrase unknown to Roman theologians.

The definition, or rather explanation, of conversion which Mr. Moody gave in one of his addresses at that conference was so clear and striking that it had a great effect upon me. He said conversion was turning about, like a soldier who received from his officer the word of command, "Right about face! March!" So we must turn from sin and darkness to righteousness and light, and walk in the new way; and this we can do by the power of God through Jesus Christ our Saviour. I had turned away from the superstitious doctrines and evil practices of the Roman Catholic Church and priesthood, and I felt relieved; but it was a delightful experience, never to be forgotten, to turn to the Lord Jesus and obtain pardon and peace.

Mr. Moody's teaching is known to all Christians, so I need only refer to it. Nor need I speak of Mr. Sankey's sweet singing of Gospel hymns that charmed me in that first conference as it does now. Major D. W. Whittle also greatly helped me then by his addresses on the "Blood of Christ;" and the knowledge of this comforted him when I visited him during the conference this year while he is suffering from the hardships of last year's war and his old wounds acquired in the civil war.

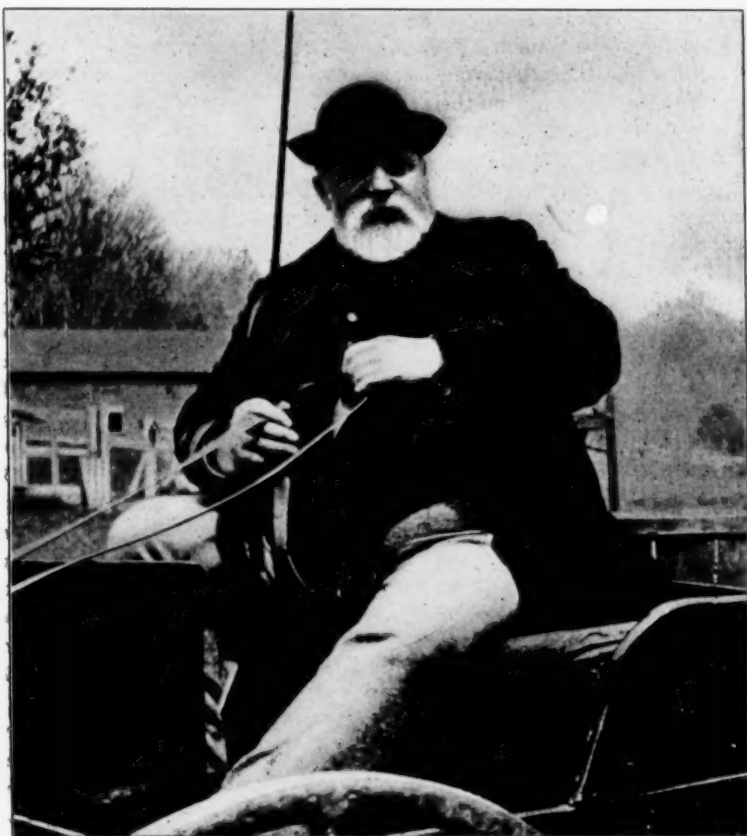
The picture of Mr. Moody on the next page is true to life as he may be seen driving around Northfield and visiting his beloved schools. J. A. O'C.

MR. MOODY'S LIFE AND WORK.

THE following sketch of Mr. Moody was written by the Rev. Dr. John Bancroft Devins of the *New York Observer*, and appeared in the *New York Tribune* of August 3, 1899:

Mr. Moody's Early Life.

This autobiography reads somewhat like the first chapter of Genesis, and is characteristic of the man, who prefers deeds to words. It is good as far as it



Dwight L. Moody.

When asked for material for a sketch of his life Mr. Moody said:

"I was born of the flesh in 1837. I was born of the Spirit in 1856. That which is born of the flesh may die. That which is born of the Spirit will live forever."

goes, but many friends of Mr. Moody may like to know a few particulars regarding the romantic life of the New Englander who has achieved a world wide reputation. His father died when he was only four years old, and a few weeks later twins were born, leaving the

widow with nine children to care for. The little farm upon which they lived was also encumbered by a mortgage. Mrs. Moody, whose birthday was the same as that of her famous son, died in 1896, at the age of ninety. Her heroic struggles to keep a roof over the heads of her large family were greatly appreciated by her children. The noble heart of the evangelist never shows itself more plainly than when he refers to the brave woman who struggled against privations that would have made many persons break up their families and send their children to charitable institutions. When Dwight was seventeen years old, with his mother's permission, he went to Boston to seek employment. His mother's brother was a shoe merchant in that city, and he gave his nephew work on two conditions—that he should be governed by his advice, and attend regularly the Sunday school and church service of the Mount Vernon Congregational Church.

After his conversion he applied for membership in the church, but was kept waiting for a year, being accepted in 1856. It is interesting to know what was thought of his future at that time. His teacher said he was very "unlikely ever to become a Christian of clear and decided views of Gospel truth, still less to fill any extended sphere of public usefulness."

In the fall of 1856 Mr. Moody went to Chicago and became a salesman in the shoe trade. He also entered the Plymouth Congregational Church, and showed his earnest spirit by repainting four pews, which he kept filled with young men and boys. He also wanted to take part in the prayer meetings, but suggestions were given to the effect that he could best serve the Lord by silence. He asked if he might become a Sunday school teacher, and he was told that he could if he would bring his own scholars. The next Sunday he marched in-

to the schoolroom at the head of eighteen ragged boys, whom he had collected during the week. Later he started a mission of his own in an empty tavern in North Chicago. His school grew so much that North Market Hall was occupied, and John V. Farwell supplied benches for the scholars and became its superintendent. Largely under Mr. Moody's personal canvassing sixty teachers were obtained, and the average attendance of scholars was 650.

Gave Up Business.

In 1860 he gave up his business that he might give all of his time to religious work. He reduced his expenses to a minimum by doing without a home and sleeping upon a bench of the Young Men's Christian Association. In a short time he became a city missionary, and was able to assist others. In August, 1862, Mr. Moody married Miss Emma C. Revell, a sister of Fleming H. Revell, the publisher, of Chicago. Besides his army services Mr. Moody worked hard for his mission, and in 1863 a church building was erected. Two years later he was elected president of the Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago. A short time afterward Farwell Hall was erected, and when this building was destroyed by fire within a few months a second edifice was reared on the same site.

Mr. Moody went abroad for the first time in 1867, and again in the spring of 1873. After the great Chicago fire he erected a large frame Tabernacle, which served as a supply storehouse and also as a church edifice. Scotland claims to have discovered Mr. Moody, but the Chicago people think that they had known him for some time previous to his remarkable series of meetings in the mother country. The great Hippodrome meetings in New York, the Boston campaign, the Cleveland services and those in Brooklyn, Chicago, San Francisco

St. Louis and other American cities are too well known to need more than a passing allusion.

In addition to his evangelistic efforts, which would quickly exhaust a man not made of iron, Mr. Moody is carrying a greater burden than the average college president assumes. Four distinct institutions, not to speak of the summer conferences, which are virtually summer schools, are under his direct supervision. In 1879 the Northfield Seminary for Girls was started, primarily for the daughters of the farmers in the Connecticut Valley, who could not afford to go to the schools and seminaries then in existence.

Biblical Education.

The seminary opened with eight girls studying in the addition built upon his own house. Soon the number of girls increased to twenty-five, and a building especially for the students was erected. To-day there are more than 350 girls in the institution, with its dozen buildings, which sends its graduates to Wellesely, Smith, Mount Holyoke and other colleges and into mission work at home and abroad. Every year nearly as many students are refused admission as are taken.

Two years after starting the seminary Mr. Moody made arrangements for opening a school for boys at Mount Hermon, across the Connecticut River, four miles from Northfield. Yale, Princeton, Brown, Amherst, Williams and other colleges receive men prepared at this school, but, of course, the majority of students in both institutions are never graduated. They go back to the country town and the country church better fitted for the battle of life because of the education received and the enthusiasm aroused at Northfield. In 1889 the Chicago Bible Institute was organized, and it has met with pronounced success.

Nature having endowed him with an

uncommon stock of common sense, Mr. Moody declares that those who are intrusted with the sacred calling of leading men to Christ shall know something of the Bible and something about men. Representatives of this Institute are in nearly every field where missionaries have gone. Having an empty building on his hands a part of the year at Northfield, a Bible Training School was established there in 1890. Three courses are taken by the hundred or more young women who gather here for six months every year—Bible, dressmaking and cooking. There is not the opportunity for practical mission work in Northfield that one has in Chicago, and many of the students complete their course in the Bible Institute.

Mr. Moody is an autocrat. No matter under whose auspices the meeting is held at which he is to speak, he has charge of the service, and every person, from the highest ecclesiastical dignitary on the platform to the humblest reporter at the table, recognizes that fact, and dignitaries and singers and reporters alike bow to his will. They have to do so if they are to have a part in the meeting. He gives his orders with the brevity and the authority of a general. Explanations may or may not follow. No one questions his right to give the orders. What would happen if one should do so is problematical. It is doubtful if the experiment has even been tried.

Mr. Sharkie at Northfield.

Every year we take one or more converted priests to the Northfield conference, where they learn the way of salvation, as we did, through Christ alone. This year Mr. Sharkie, the Syrian Catholic priest who came to Christ's Mission last December, is at the conference, and we hope to get him into Mr. Moody's school, where he can study the Bible and learn to be a missionary.

The Need of Revivals.

An Address by Mr. Moody at the Northfield Conference.

The only hope of our Republic is a revival or wakening. The country can not last without righteousness. Revivals are perfectly Scriptural. There have been revivals in every age. I do not know if there were any before the flood; if there had been the flood might not have been sent on the earth. But soon after the flood came on, see the revival spirit. Whenever the world got dark God sent a prophet, and a revival was the result. When Israel was in bondage Moses was sent, and there was a mighty awakening. Later Samuel was sent to the children of Israel. I used to think that I would like to have lived in the times of the prophets, but I got over that feeling long ago, for those were the darkest days of the nation's history. This was true in the time of Elijah and Jeremiah. Some heard and some turned away. But there were many who said: "We will not walk in the old way." There was great need of a revival in the olden time, and there is to-day. Every true work has had its foes, and it is a singular thing that there have always been foes inside and outside. Nehemiah found it so.

He had enemies without and within. There never was a true work carried on where there was not opposition. A man may go into a town and preach with the eloquence of Demosthenes, and if there are no conversions he will find no opposition. The papers will laud him and the people will applaud him. Let him have a few souls seeking the way of salvation, and he will find that he is not so popular as he was. Let hundreds cry out for mercy, and he will find that he will be criticised and his methods disapproved. Look at John the Baptist. See what a storm broke about his head when men came to him, asking him

what they should do to find mercy. The same was true when the Master and His Apostles preached. I do not see how any man who loves his Bible can oppose revivals. Take the history of any denomination you please, and tell me if it was not born in a revival. The Roman Catholic Church claims to be Apostolic. If it had its beginning in Apostolic times, as its leaders claim, was it not born in the biggest kind of a revival? Just now many of the priests are going out and holding missions. They don't call them revivals, but they are the same thing with a different name, that is all. The Protestant Episcopal Church traces its history back to Apostolic times also. If that claim is true, it also had its birth in the revival of Pentecost. If any church needs a revival, it is the Roman Catholic Church. If any church needs a revival, it is the Protestant Episcopal Church. I think we had better get started there. The Lutheran Church was started in a revival; so was the Methodist. God have mercy on the Methodist who talks against revivals. Once in a while there is a Methodist who does that, but not very often. The Quakers—I see friends here—started in a revival. The Young Men's Christian Association was born in the revival of 1857.

Objections to Revivals Met.

Let us take up some of the objection to revivals which are put forward. One is that "So many do not hold out." Ministers are afraid because so many people converted at revivals, they say, do not hold out. Well, there are some ministers and elders and deacons who do not hold out. That class had better not speak against converts not holding out. Suppose some do not hold out. Everybody did not hold out in the time of the Master. We read in the sixth chapter of John that "From that time

many of His disciples went back and walked no more with Him."

Many refused to walk with Jesus. Mark the word, "Many of His disciples went back." What would you think of a farmer who cut down his apple tree because some of the blossoms fell off? Why, if every blossom became an apple the tree would break down. Ninety men who engage in business fail. Shall men refuse to go into business because there are so many who cannot hold out? Paul said that in some of the places where he had started churches nearly every person had gone back. Afraid they will not hold out? A child is born, and I must not rejoice, because the little one may die. A man falls into the river and he is rescued, but I must not rejoice, because he may fall in again.

We are told again that there is too much excitement in revival meetings. Well, I would like to see as much excitement in the house of God as there is in some places. A minister in the old country preached a very eloquent sermon one Sunday morning against our revival services. It was really very eloquent, and the burden of it was that there was so much excitement in our meetings. The next day I was told that the previous Friday night this minister attended a dance, and had a part in it. I don't know much about dancing, but you dancing people will understand what I mean. He "called off," whatever that is. Yes, he "called off" until five o'clock Saturday morning, and then I presume he visited his study and wrote that sermon against revivals, where the meeting closed at ten o'clock.

Sensation Better than Stagnation.

Talk about late hours, why, there are sixty thousand people in New York City who are up all night, and they get excited, too, and they kill one another at

times. Think of the excitement that there will be in the political world next year! I am not so much afraid of sensationalism as some people are. I would rather have sensation than stagnation. Seamen dread a fog more than they do a storm. There is no sensation in the graveyard. Men stay there where they are put. Tell me if there is no need of a revival when you think of the young men on their bicycles on Sundays. A Scotch woman who invariably went to sleep was advised to take a little more snuff. She replied that it would be better to put a little more snuff in the sermons.

I tell you we are drifting as a Nation. We are drifting badly. A minister told me one day that he did not believe in revivals because he had about one hundred members join his church after a revival once, and he could only find two of them now.

Another minister in the same city to whom I told this said that I need not be discouraged by the report, for he had a hundred persons join his church at the same time as a result of the same revival, and all but three of them were in good standing in his church. One had moved away, and he had lost track of him, and two had fallen back, but ninety-seven of the hundred were standing firm. Then he told me of his neighbor. After the large accession his church moved out of the neighborhood where they had gathered their converts into a fashionable part of the city. This had resulted in a split in the church, and the minister had lost not only the new converts, but many of his old members also. I have recently been to the Pacific Coast, and in every town that I went to I found converts from the meetings in Boston and New York and London. I am not a pessimist.

Jesus Christ is to sway the sceptre from the rivers unto the ends of the earth.

LIFE IN ROMAN CATHOLIC MONASTERIES.

BY AUGUSTINE BAUMANN, FORMERLY "FATHER AUGUSTINE," OF THE
PASSIONIST MONASTERY, HOBOKEN, N. J.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Comfort is not supposed to exist in monasteries. The founders of religious orders in writing their rules and establishing their communities set out with a fixed purpose to make life uncomfortable for themselves and their companions or followers. Comfort, therefore, is something which in their minds is akin to the sinful or to be banished from religious communities. For this reason they invent so many fasts, scourgings, long prayers and untold austerities. The monk is to be uncomfortable in this life at least, and as for the next, may God have mercy upon him. Such is the theory upon which monastic life is based.

One of the greatest discomforts I felt was that of wearing no shoes. The Passionists are what is called an order of Discalced monks. They are not supposed to wear shoes. There are other Discalced orders such as the Carmelites and the Capuchins; and in fact nearly all monks are supposed to go through life without the civilizing accoutrements of a pair of shoes. However, to make up for shoes we were allowed to wear a species of sandals which protected at least the soles of the feet. The sandal consisted of a leather soul and two fixed straps, one over the toes, and another over the instep; a third strap which was loose at one end could be buttoned around the heel, and thus the sandal would be fastened to the foot. If a sandal fitted well it was comparatively comfortable to wear, and in summer time might do instead of a slipper. There was certainly little trouble over corns and bunions among the monastic fraternities, and the sandals were responsible for that happy state of things. But whatever comfort was in the wearing of sandals in summer time was taken away in winter, when many a friar suffered from cold feet and stiff joints. The monasteries are tolerably well heated during the day, sometimes over-heated in winter time, but at nine o'clock the heat is shut off, so that when the monks rise at midnight for matins the halls and corridors are ice cold. The cold takes away then all the pleasure there might be in wearing sandals, and the monks feel the stern reality of what it is to be without stockings. I would not wish a prisoner at Sing Sing to feel the torture which is sometimes caused by the cold of midwinter when the heat is all gone and one has to stand or sit in the choir with bare feet for an hour and a half. Some choirs are also so constructed that they get the full force of the North wind, and the temperature often goes down to zero. To stand in one's naked feet in such a temperature is no joke, and the monk who bears it without flinching is worthy of suffering in a better cause.

For nearly every other penance or discomfort the monk may find a substitute, but for wearing sandals there is no substitute. This he cannot escape, for even if he should surreptitiously put on stockings he would be at once detected and punished the same as if he had worn a pair of shoes. The only temporary relief is to feign sickness; but then the permission to

wear stockings may last only a few days and the monk may be compelled to take unpleasant medicines. Escape, therefore, is next to impossible, and the only sane advice to be followed is for the American friars in a body to vote the abolition of sandals, or at the very least the substitution of a pair of stockings for naked feet.

Painful as it is to wear sandals in the cold of winter, it is almost as painful and distressing to have to wear them in the streets in Catholic countries. In the United States and England we had a permanent dispensation from wearing them outside of the monastery, so that whenever we went out we put on a decent pair of shoes and stockings. But when I was sent to Buenos Ayres, in Argentina, where the Passionists have a monastery, I was disagreeably surprised to learn that I might have to wear the sandals in the street. While I was there and had any vote in the matter I opposed such an innovation, and I believe the friars still cling to the sensible American system. But in Spain and Italy no shoes are allowed. The friar has to make the best of his vocation to be a fool and so suffer, and when he goes out on the streets by permission of his superiors he must tramp about in sandals. The discomfort of this sort of thing is indescribable to a man of civilized habits. In fact few Americans can stand it, and they hasten back to this country as soon as possible, leaving the Italians and Spaniards the duty of going about in dirty sandals and dirty feet.

In connection with the wearing of the sandals I may mention a peculiar custom among the novices, in force at least while I was on my probation. Wearing only sandals it was natural for the feet to get soiled and dusty very easily, and frequent ablutions were therefore necessary. Yet, who would believe it, we were allowed by a general order to wash the feet only once a week, namely Saturday afternoon. It sometimes happened that some novices took too long at this operation, and as only a certain portion of the afternoon was allowed for washing the feet, it was not rare for some of the novices to be left out, and they would have to wait till the next Saturday, unless they obtained a particular permission from the master to wash the feet out of the regular time. When we were students we were permitted to wash the feet as often as we liked without having to ask a special permission, though it was a sort of general custom for most of the friars to wash their feet only on Saturday. We have in this only another instance of the unexplained mystery how observances of this kind may be made conducive to the perfection of a man. Yet the friars are all striving after perfection, and many of them are firmly convinced that sandals and dirty feet are powerful means to attain that end.

Just as Passionists are not supposed to wear any shoes, so it was the original intention of the founder not to let them wear hats. St. Paul of the Cross, as a matter of history, never wore a hat or a cap, and distinct attention is called to that fact in his biography. To be without a hat was supposed to be a special mortification even in Italy, and God must be wonderful indeed if He thinks more of a friar that has no hat than of a man who wears one. The Pope, however, was convinced that the wearing of a hat was a perfectly harmless thing and ordered the saint to strike that prescription against the wearing of hats out of his rule. It was a great blow to the saint, but having been all his life aspiring to the virtue of hu-

mility he humbly submitted. The Passionists, therefore, by the grace of God and the condescension of the Holy See are allowed to wear hats. But the hats they wear must not be of the ordinary kind. In church they may wear the usual three cornered cap, called a birreta, in which an inexhaustible fund of clerical virtue must consist, judging from the fact that it is worn by Catholic clerics and priests the world over. Not all monks wear this, however, since in many orders the cowl is in use.

The cowl is a peculiar appendage to the monastic habit, and is specially worn by the Franciscans and Benedictines. It takes the place of a cap or hat, and its only inconvenience is that it covers the head too much. I always felt proud that the Passionists did not wear these cowls. They look so unwieldy, add so much to the weight of the habit and give more annoyance in summer than comfort in winter. It was a distinct gain for us not to have them. When out of the monastery we were allowed to wear the ordinary kind of hats in this country, but in South America and in Italy and Spain a special kind of clerical hat is held in veneration. It is of soft felt with a very wide rim, and is fastened to the shoulder with a long black string. I detested this sort of headgear, not because it was not beautiful, but because it was so outlandish and out of fashion. But the monks love to be out of fashion. That is one of their glories, and I suppose they will keep it up as long as monasticism exists, which may not be so long as they think, at least in America.

Nearly all friars wear either a belt or a cord around their waist to hold the folds of the habit in position. The habit is so wide that a cincture of some kind is necessary, and the Passionist gown or habit is not one of the smallest. The strap we wore around the waist was made of very heavy leather, almost as heavy as sole leather. One belt might last a friar almost a life-time. I know I wore mine for nearly twelve years, and it was as serviceable as when new. The belt has an uncomfortable habit of falling down beyond its normal position, and the fatter the friar the more the belt has a tendency to fall to his knees. The fat friar, therefore, may be seen most of the time instinctively holding his belt to prevent it from falling too low down. It is not possible to strap it tight, as then it would make the friar's abdomen feel uncomfortable; so a medium has to be found. I have seen belts actually worn at the places where the friar had been accustomed to hold it in position of greatest comfort. Fortunately I was one of the lean friars, so that I never had any trouble with my belt. I gave it to an Italian in Buenos Ayres, and he found it a convenient addition to the harness of his horse.

The mantle worn by the monks was a peculiar sort of garment. It consisted of a large semi circular piece of cloth, about nine or ten feet at the circumference, and gathered in at the centre where a sort of stiff collar was fastened around the neck. The folds of the mantle would reach to the knees, and the friar in the cold weather could draw it over his breast and hold it there with his hands. It would have been more comfortable to have a hook and eye over the breast to hold it together in front; but this was not allowed. I asked permission several times to make that innovation, and even proposed it to a chapter, but it was sternly resisted and boding too much progress. The monks want no progress of any kind except

progress in perfection, and what that kind is I have already described. I was therefore compelled to see my advanced views decried, and the monks have no hooks or buttons to their mantles to this day. The Simon pure monks seem to have no more fear of hooks and buttons than of the wiles of satan.

On the breast we wore a peculiar sign made of a heart surmounted by a cross, the heart and cross being white and about six inches high. Inside of the heart was an inscription to the following effect :

JESU XPI
PASSIO
X

This was supposed to have special virtue in some mystical manner. It is reported that the founder of our order, St. Paul of the Cross, in one of his many visions saw that emblem of the heart and cross with the inscription inside, and the Blessed Virgin Mary commanded him to take it as the insignia of his order. The XPI are three Greek letters supposed to represent the Latin word "Christi," so that the device really means "Jesu Christi Passio," or the "Passion of Jesus Christ." Originally the emblem was stitched in white thread over the breast, to the left side of the habit and mantle, but now they are made detached, and in this country they are manufactured by the monks themselves out of celluloid. The sign is supposed to remind each monk that he should have the Passion of Christ written in his heart, to think of it whenever he sees it and to kiss the sign whenever he takes it off or puts it on in devout remembrance of the sufferings of Christ. In theory this seems very good, but in practice the monk thinks as little of his sign as he does of his cap. They serve merely to strike and stupify the ignorant Catholics and the outside world, who look upon such curious devices with awe and wonder.

CHAPTER XIX.

I have still a number of things to describe which are important factors in monastic life, making the monks happy or miserable, according to the nature of the practice or observance. Among the things invented to torture the monk is the meditation. The Passionists by their rules are supposed to spend twice every day a whole hour in silent meditation, and to this another half hour after matins is usually added. As soon as a recruit enters the novitiate he is at once taught the art of meditation. He finds it a far more intricate thing than he may have imagined. It is natural for sensible men to meditate upon some important matter when occasion requires, or, in other words, to reflect and see a reason for their actions. But it was left to the inventors of monasticism and the founders of monasteries to get up meditation by the yard, as it were ; to prescribe so much of it every day and to lay down rules and regulations prescribing the way of doing it.

I was told at the beginning of my novitiate that unless I learned to meditate I could not become a monk. I was, therefore, eager to learn all about the meditation. The novices instructed me how I was to go about it. I was first to make a remote preparation, then a proximate prepara-

tion, and finally to enter in the name of God upon my meditation. The remote preparation I was told consisted in the way I conducted myself during the day ; I was not to let secular thoughts enter into my head ; I was to keep my eyes on the ground so that I might not be distracted by things of the outer world ; I was further to exercise myself in acts of humility, such as calling myself an ass, getting on my knees when reprimanded for no cause, reading carefully and devoutly my spiritual books and observing the rule to the letter in every respect. If I regarded the preparation and heeded the instructions I was told I would soon enjoy the art of meditation.

But for some reason or other the rules did not work successfully in my case. I never could meditate for an hour at a stretch, do what I might to keep my ideas together. Perhaps it was the fault of the proximate preparation. This consists in selecting the subject for meditation, such as the agony of Christ in the Garden of Olives. The subject having been chosen I was to make about five mental acts or go through such formulas as recalling the presence of God, the greatness of God, making professions of humility in God's presence, asking for light and help, and finally begging pardon for my sins. I often went through this proximate preparation, but still the meditating gift was not in me. I would think of anything but my subject of meditation ; most frequently I would think how ridiculous it was for me to remain cooped up there in the choir when I could not meditate, or how it was that monks could have invented such a mode of torture. Not unfrequently I thought of the happy home I had left and of the boys and girls that went to school with me, and wondered what had become of them.

I was not made for a monk of the hypocritical kind, and if my superiors had been men of sense they would have seen it at once. Strive as I would I could not meditate; nor could I see that art in some of my companions and fellow friars. It did not seem to be there. I often saw them yawn ; some would now and then be catching flies ; others would be sound asleep. I therefore felt that I was not the only sinner. Yet I had to make believe that I did meditate. I had to go to the choir every morning and evening, put myself in a half kneeling, half sitting posture in my place and mentally strike out for something to think of. A man's mind is naturally occupied with something when awake, so I thought of anything to which my mind wandered. As the months and years passed I felt the routine more wearisome than ever, and at times it became almost insupportable. If it be borne in mind that in summer time the choir is often stuffy, and the flies and mosquitos are annoying, it will be seen that to be daily cooped up for two hours under the pretense of meditating in such an uncomfortable position is a torture and downright cruelty.

The object of meditation is supposed to be to gain in virtue, in patience, humility, charity, kindness, etc., according as we meditate on those qualities in God or Christ or in the blessed Virgin Mary and the saints. But in reality I think it conduced to make the monks feel worried and annoyed and sigh for rest. Whoever could escape the meditation was glad to do so. The seniors and priests often found pretexts to go out or engage in some sort of work in order to escape this tormenting hour. In the morning it

was not so trying, because then the mind was somewhat fresh and the atmosphere was more agreeable. But in the evening and after matins the observance was a positive torture to nearly everyone concerned.

In the novitiate a distinct annoyance was added, because every morning we had to assemble in the chapter room and there give an account of our meditation to the master. The ordeal was a very painful one. Happily the master was satisfied with listening to one or two novices, and what they had to say was sufficiently uninteresting to make us wish no more to be heard. It thus saved us from having to repeat our meditation more than about once a week. Now and then, however, such curious things came to light that we enjoyed a momentary laugh at the expense of each other. A novice would rise and say that he had been distracted during the meditation by constant pains. What pains? the master would ask. Pains in the back, pains in the head or pains in the belly, might be the answer of the novice. Another novice might get up and say he was distracted by worldly thoughts; what worldly thoughts? the master would ask. The novice then perhaps would say that he thought of the fine goat he used to ride, of his pet dog, or what a lovely time he had at a certain picnic. Everything came out according as the master pushed the inquiry. A poor fellow from Nebraska was called up one morning. He hesitated considerably before he would come out with his particular distraction. At last he said:

"Father, I could not meditate on any pious things at all; I had the most scandalous thoughts during my whole meditation—I was always thinking of the girl I left behind me."

He received short shift for his frankness, and on that very day we saw him go off to the girl he so tenderly remembered. Looking back now I do not pity him, but only wish that a similar fortunate turn had come earlier for me.

I have already spoken of the chanting in choir at matins, and the remarks I then made apply to the other occasions during the day when the monks assemble to sing the divine praises, as it is technically termed. Five times a day the monks gather to lift their voices in varying discord to God in what they suppose to be chanting, but after matins no other office is so interesting as prime and tierce, which begin at six o'clock all the year round. The moment the bell rings the good friar must jump from his straw mattress as if it were on fire and rush to the choir as if the Lord had given him a fit of madness. Four minutes is all the time given to the whole community to rise and be in place in choir. No time is given to wash in; in fact it is prohibited to the novices and students to wash themselves before going to choir in the morning; consequently they may be seen staggering to their places in various stages of untidiness, and there they must remain for an hour and a half in the greatest discomfort, unwashed, unkempt, and at times positively filthy.

The chanting at prime and tierce is, if possible, even more mixed than at matins, and I suppose the divine pleasure at the performance is about the same. The people who live in the vicinity of monasteries may perhaps thank God that the morning office lasts only half an hour, whereas matins lasts more than twice as long. The disturbance of the neighborhood is, therefore, more quickly allayed, and the monks settle down more

quietly to their morning meditation. It is not rare to see monks still sufficiently drowsy at prime and tierce and then during the holy exercise of the meditation. Mystics say that the calm, placid, rest in the Lord is the highest stage of spiritual perfection, and perhaps the friars who now and then fall asleep during the supposed meditation hold that principle.

According to the monastic doctrines, every soul on its way to perfection is supposed to go through three states or stages of progress. The first is the purgative state. (Do not mistake the term, which is not taken in its medical, but spiritual sense.) The purgative state is that of the new recruits, the young and old sinners who leave the world and who must first root up their vices and bad habits. This generally takes some time, and there are monks who never get beyond the purgative state; nay, perhaps they never reach even that degree of holiness. Bodily washing, I should think, might be a considerable help, especially in the morning before prime and tierce. It is positively unhealthy for friars to remain together nearly two hours without making their morning ablutions. It gives them such a distracted appearance that it is pitiful to look at them.

The purgative state is followed by the contemplative state. By this is meant that the friar obtains the divine gift of meditation. He becomes capable of sublime absorption in the divine attributes which he contemplates day and night; he understands spiritual doctrine and its principles, and is happy only when allowed quietly to meditate upon the goodness and perfection of God, the Virgin and the saints. It happens sometimes that those who have the gift of contemplation are the most ignorant and fanatical among the friars. They imagine themselves full of infused theology and philosophy, and piously ignore the dictates of common sense. I met a few Italians who were dangerously near the contemplative stage and who seemed to labor under the influence of the moon, but I never met an American who got beyond the purgative stage.

The third stage of spiritual progress is said to be the unitive way or state. A soul in the unitive state no longer meditates or even thinks, but merely feels that it is united to God. It is daily visited by raptures, by visions, and by diabolical struggles. The friar who is in the unitive way is a veritable picture; he is no longer himself, but is absorbed in God; he struggles no longer in the natural way, but in the spiritual way; his mind has no thoughts and he has no desires; all his natural faculties are suspended, and it is not rare for him to fly about in the air as if supported by an invisible power. St. Paul of the Cross often showed these effects of the unitive way, and in his experiments flew about the ceilings of churches and sacristies. If anyone doubts the authenticity of those facts let him read his authentic life written by Ven. Vincent Strambi.

But in my experience I never came across a friar in the unitive way. I saw one in the lunatic way, and another bordering on that state, but further my experience did not go. Our meditations, therefore, in the morning during prime and tierce and after it were not of a soul stirring kind. A little water might have helped us, but alas! that was forbidden.

STRONG AS DEATH.—A STORY OF THE HUGUENOTS.

BY ELIZABETH ARROTT WELLS. AUTHOR OF "ST. ULRICH,"

"LOYAL TO THE KING," ETC.

SYNOPSIS.

The story begins after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The principal characters are Lady Isabel de Beaumont, still in the prime of life, and her adopted children, Adrien and Marie, whose history is shrouded in mystery. Adrien, having entered the army, is sent on a mission to Nismes. He encounters a dying Huguenot pastor, and obtains his Testament as a souvenir. "Jean the Watchman" is a Huguenot in disguise among the royal troopers. Father Jerome, the village household confessor, is succeeded by the noble-minded Father Augustine, the confessor during Lady Isabel's childhood. During a hunting expedition Adrien disappears; he reappears mysteriously through means known only to Father Augustine and Antoine, the aged steward. The pastor's Testament brings salvation to Father Augustine, Lady Isabel and Adrien. Their heresy is discovered through Marie's aid, and it is decided that Lady Isabel and Adrien must retire to a secret chamber. The enemy arrives, and a band of soldiers surround the castle. Antoine warns Adrien and Lady Isabel. The signal is given, Lady Isabel secures her jewels and then goes to the secret chamber. Adrien is seized, but Father Augustine is found dead on his bed. Jean the Watchman is one of the soldiers on guard and secretly arranges with Antoine for his lady's welfare. Their watchword is to be "Strong as Death." In her retreat Lady Isabel discovers an important letter from one "William Arroch." A deadly epidemic appears in the valley. Father Vincent succumbs to it, leaving Ignatius supreme in the castle. Soon the latter takes the fever. A plan is formed by which Lady Isabel escapes in disguise from the castle, reaching a spot where she is left to await a new escort. She goes to another hiding place. With her new friends she attends a secret assembly of the Church of the Desert. An attendant is needed by one friendly to the Huguenots who is about to sail for Scotland. Lady Isabel meeting all the requirements of the passport prepared for another person, she is conveyed to Marseilles to fill this position. Her journey thither was an eventful one, but she arrived the evening before the vessel sails at the house of M. Rousillon near Marseilles. While on her way to the ship Lady Isabel is discovered by Father Jerome, who starts in pursuit. But she reaches the ship, bound for Arbroath. On board, she finds a long-lost friend—the mother of Adrien and Marie. Reaching land, they both became guests of the Laird of Dumbarrow. Later Adrien escapes from the galley and appears, bringing a package from Marie, who had died.

CHAPTER XX.

Fear not to trust His simple Word,
So sweet, so tried, so true,
And you are safe forevermore,
Yes—even you!

—F. R. H.

The galley-ship upon which Adrien

was imprisoned gradually became unseaworthy, but with reckless indifference towards the miserable captives, the matter was neglected until a fierce storm had given it its death blow.

The unhappy ship sank almost instantly, but Adrien, with superhuman strength, clung to his heavy oar till a passing ship discovered him, unconscious, but still gripping the oar with desperate tenacity. With much difficulty his chain was severed, and he was taken to the vessel, which proved to be no other than the gallant Bruce.

Subsequently Captain McTavish told him all the good news, ending by giving him the package now in Lady Isabel's hands. He received it from Gaspard, whose story the Captain had written out. This Adrien now proposed to read:

"My dear ladies," so the letter ran, "this little parcel was given by Mlle. Marie de Beaumont to Gaspard, who has asked me to tell you his story. After Lady Isabel's departure, his father, Antoine, soon succumbed to the fever. His last words were a message to his beloved mistress. He said: 'Tell her that her last request has been followed. I have sought and found Him who loved me with such a wonderful love. Her Saviour is now my Saviour too.' After his death Gaspard remained in the neighborhood to obtain some news of Mlle. Marie, or, if possible, to render her some aid. So his father had desired.

"Two years went by, and then, one night, he was awakened by a brilliant light which proved to be the convent in flames. With great difficulty the nuns were rescued. Mlle. Marie, too ill to move or make an outcry, would have

perished had not Gaspard dashed through the flames and rescued her.

"Most of the sisters were conveyed to a distant convent, but Mlle. Marie, who was rapidly sinking, was left in a neighboring cottage. During the temporary absence of her attendant Gaspard obtained an interview with his young mistress.

"She could speak only a few words, but her countenance was calm and peaceful. When she heard of Lady Isabel's safety her eyes filled with tears, and for a moment her brow flushed with emotion. Then, very feebly, she drew forth her little Breviary and laid it in Gaspard's hand, saying, 'My dying message for Aimee;' then she murmured as if to herself, 'Peace, perfect peace at last!'

"As the attending sister re-entered the soul of Marie de Beaumont took her flight heavenward.

"Strange to say, the nun expressed no regrets that her sister had died alone, without priest or sacrament.

"*'She is at rest,'* she said briefly, yet tearfully. *'It is well. She taught me to know my Saviour's love, and now she is with Him.'*

"Seeing Gaspard's surprise, she said that her friend had often spoken of him as one whom she trusted. She also told him that she shared the secret which Mlle. Marie had so jealously guarded—the secret that lay still hidden in the little Breviary. In religion her own name was Sister Pauline. It once had been Clothilde Moran."

For a long time Gaspard carried the precious legacy from place to place, until reaching the neighborhood of Marseilles, he had heard of Lady Isabel's whereabouts from Margaret Rousillon, to whom the watchword "Love is strong as death" was not unknown.

Thus the package had finally come into Captain McTavish's possession.

Adrien ceased, and with trembling

touch Lady Isabel opened the parcel, every heart in the little group being overpowered with emotion.

Her own tears fell fast as she beheld the well remembered book, her gift to Marie so many years before. As she placed it silently in the mother's hand a leaf fluttered to the floor, which she instantly recognized. All had heard its history, and as they bent eagerly over the faint marks which could be seen on the margin, Lady Isabel read aloud the sweetly suggestive words, "Pour moi!"

"What text, dear Isabel?" the mother asked.

Passing the leaf to Adrien, he read these words:

"*'This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief.'*" Lower on the page another verse was similarly marked: "There is one God and one Mediator between God and men, the Man Christ Jesus; who gave Himself a ransom for all."

As he ceased a feeling of solemn gladness filled every heart, a gladness too deep for words.

Long ago, on that last evening at Beaumont, Marie's message to Lady Isabel had been that she would see her "in the morning."

As these words now came to Lady Isabel's mind she threw her arms about Mme. Arnaud, saying lovingly:

"Yes, we shall *all* meet again, 'in the morning.' My dear Clothilde's 'morning without clouds.'"

Again Adrien spoke.

"Let us thank God," he said simply, and in a few words he poured forth his soul in prayer—a glad thanksgiving that now as an unbroken family they would meet together in their Heavenly Home.

As they arose none spoke, and soon with a quiet good-night greeting they

separated, a silent *Te Deum* rising from every heart.

The next day, as Adrien was conversing with his mother and Lady Isabel, he turned to the latter with a sudden exclamation.

"Why, Aimee!" he cried, "Who do you think was my fellow-passenger on the Bruce? An old friend of yours!"

"Of mine, Adrien? It is impossible!" she returned quickly.

"Well, it is nevertheless true. Let me explain. I have not told you that ever since your escape Father Jerome has kept a watchful eye on Captain McTavish when in port. His suspicions being confirmed by subsequent events, he determined to learn the whole truth, and having arranged that an invalid priest should be ordered by his physician to take a long sea voyage, he engaged passage for him on the Bruce. Captain McTavish understood his real motives, but could not refuse permission. Unfortunately for Father Jerome, however, he had chosen a man long secretly dissatisfied with his vocation, who had resolved never to return to France if he reached Protestant soil.

"After my rescue we often conversed on religious topics, and I found that he was very ready to embrace the simple truth. Then I told him of my early life, but I never understood his deep interest in it until we finally separated. His last word was a message to his old friend, the Lady Isabel de Beaumont! And, will my dear mother pardon me?" he asked, looking towards Mme. Arnaud with a merry smile, as in a lower voice he repeated the message intended for Lady Isabel alone. Surprise and pleasure flashed over the latter's face as she received it, but the entrance of their host prevented further reply. Adrien, however, had learned enough.

Henri Lamont was not forgotten; and soon a letter was speeding away that would bring great happiness to the

lonely exile's heart.

During Lady Isabel's brief visit in Nismes, twenty years before, she had been a guest in the home of Col. Lamont, her father's old friend, and had won the heart of his eldest son.

Later his suit had been rejected, for Lady Isabel had resolved to devote her life to the children whom she had so cruelly wronged; and Henri Lamont retired from the world, turning to the church as his only comforter. Finally, disappointed and heart-weary, his health failed and he was ordered on the voyage which resulted so contrary to Father Jerome's fond hope.

From his first acquaintance with Adrien he was attracted by the bright hopefulness which so characterized his words. He also wondered at it, as he listened to Adrien's early longings after a military career, so suddenly disappointed, and then heard of his subsequent experiences in prison both on land and sea. He accordingly set himself to discover why Adrien could speak of the unknown future with such eager expectation. One day he asked for an explanation, and then slowly, thankfully he realized that he too might have a hope which was "sure and steadfast."

Gladly he now united with Adrien in his lofty resolve that, as a devoted soldier of Jesus Christ, he would fight the good fight of faith, living henceforth wholly unto Him who had lived and died for him. "To know the Lord and to make Him known," was to be his future watchword. Later he had accepted Sandy Cameron's invitation to remain in his humble cottage until such work could be found. And it was sure to come, for the Lord never leaves in idleness those who are "ready for any manner of service," and "wholly at His commandment."

After consultation with their kind friends at Dumbarrow, it was decided that the ladies should continue their

work at Auchmithie, while Adrien should reside with the laird's brother, a physician at Edinburgh, where he could fit himself for the medical profession. And it is said that in after years, as he stood beside the sick and dying, he was ever true to his promise made to Paul Arnaud to be the King's messenger.

Twenty years before, when Paul and Elizabeth Arnaud had been compelled to leave their children in their enemies' hands, they had trusted in the power of God to accomplish what seemed utterly impossible; and their faith had been abundantly rewarded.

Of all God's promises "not one thing had failed thereof." Very clearly, too, had the power of His Word been manifested in the experiences of Captain McTavish and Sandy, of Therese, Marie, and others who had already passed beyond the veil.

"Seek ye out of the Book of the Lord and read; no one of these shall fail, none shall want her mate; for My mouth it had commanded; and His Spirit, it hath gathered them."

In all ages how futile has been every effort to destroy the Word of God; each attack but proving its power to be invincible, its source Divine. Like a mighty stream it has coursed through the centuries, carrying priceless blessing to all who would stoop and drink.

Alas! that its life-giving waters were withheld so long, and are still withheld, from the thirsty, dying souls dwelling along its borders.

Bending over this heaven-lit stream we read of the *only* way leading to the Golden City, and of the *only* robe which will be meet for the presence of the King—the robe made white in the blood of the Lamb. Let God's Word, therefore, be the test of Truth.

"To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this Word, it is because there is no light in them."

[THE END.]

Our Story in Spanish.

It is with sincere regret that we come to the "THE END" of the "Story of the Huguenots," and we doubt not our readers partake of the same feeling. For many months we have kept company with Lady Isabel and her Christian friends. They were our friends, and we are loath to part with them. We who have followed their adventures and shared their sorrows and trials and rejoiced in their faith and hope and trust in God are better men and women for having kept such company; and even the young folks who have read the story are better and happier because they have been with such good Christian people. Shall we meet them again? We hope so. They may come to see us in a book, and then we can see them all together and once more be happy in their company.

It will please our readers to learn that just as we say goodbye to Lady Isabel and her friends they have gone to South America. They will travel in Spanish fashion all over those countries south of us, having already started from Chile on June 28. Their vehicle—we cannot call it boat or ship, though they will go by water in those southern countries—is a nice Spanish religious paper published every week at Valparaiso, Chile, with the title "El Heraldo Evangelico." In its Spanish form the story is called, "Fuentes Como La Muerte; Una Historia de los Hugonots, Por Elizabeth Arrott Wells." The translation is the work of Rev. Robert Elphick, a great Spanish scholar.

The editor of *El Heraldo Evangelico* is the Rev. James F. Garvin, and his address is, casilla 309 Valparaiso, Chile; the subscription is one dollar a year. We hope our readers who understand Spanish will subscribe for it and send it to the missionaries in South America. Editor Garvin says he hopes to be able to publish the story also in book form.